

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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Editor.

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A DEEP-SEA DREAM.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

THE soft sea-currents come and go
 So slow—so slow,
And stir the fringed anemone,
 And all the living flowers that grow
In the still gardens of the sea.

Strange, vivid creatures gleam and glide
 On every side;
They flash with gold and ruby ray,
 And in the filmy sea-weed hide,
Or in far vistas melt away.

Pale groves against the pale green skies
 Around me rise;
Their coral arches bear a light
 That never fell upon my eyes,
All rainbow-hued and softly bright.

The pine-trees' moan, the breakers' roar,
 I hear no more;
The wild birds' song, and every sound
 That filled the forest by the shore,
And in the liquid silence drowned.

O let me feel the sun—the air!
 I cannot bear
The silence of the sunless seas!
 I cannot touch the flowers, though fair;
The groves are dim with mysteries.

The under-world is deep—so deep!
 My senses sleep!

I hear the singing of a stream—
 The voice of birds! I wake and weep,
And wonder if it was a dream.

NED'S REWARD.

BY M. A. THURSTON.

"We are perfectly willing to allow you a reasonable advance in your wages, and if you are ready to go to work on the terms proposed by us—one half of the amount demanded by you—the difficulty can be settled at once," said Mr. Harrison, senior member of the firm of Harrison, Bryant, & Co., manufacturers of carpets, etc.

"If we can't have what we ask for, we'll stay out till doomsday," replied Joe Brady, one of the three individuals selected by the employees to act as their representative.

"If you take a reasonable view of the matter, you will readily see that we cannot, without great loss to ourselves, grant your demand," said Mr. Harrison, earnestly.

"That's neither here nor there. We've made up our minds to stay out till we get our rights. Sell some of your fine carriages and horses; then may be you can see your way clear to give us better wages," said Joe, insolently.

"If it were not for your condition, I would resent such un-called-for impertinence!" replied Mr. Harrison, with dignity. "Let the working-men keep away from the grog-shops, and they may become contented and prosperous citizens. I was a poor man myself when I began life. I have never smoked a cigar nor touched a drop of intoxicating liquor. I wish, with all my heart, that every man employed by us would resolve to let rum alone. Now," said Mr. Harrison, in conclusion, "we will give you one week in which to return to work on the terms offered by us. If, at the expiration of the time specified, you still adhere to your determination, we will employ new hands to fill every department."

As Joe Brady and his two companions left the office of their employer, they gave utterance to a series of muttered imprecations that became more violent after they had swallowed half a dozen glasses of whisky.

When Joe reached home he began to upbraid his wife. She tried to pacify him, but the more she pleaded the more violent he became.

A neighbor remarked, pityingly,

"Joe's in his cups again. A sorry time his poor wife'll have to-night."

"Me's 'fraid of papa!" whispered baby Alice, shrinking close to the side of her mother as though begging for protection.

"Come, father, lie down a bit; perhaps you'll feel better after a while," said Ned Brady, a handsome boy of thirteen.

In his earnestness Ned placed his hand upon his father's shoulder.

"Who says there's any thing the matter with me? I'll teach you not to order me about—take that, and that, and that!" cried the infuriated man, at each exclamation raining blows upon the head of his child.

"Stop!" screamed the mother, frantically. "You shall not abuse the boy!"

With a vindictive glance toward his wife and children, the angry man cried out,

"I'll go where I can find better company," and, slamming the door viciously, he staggered along the street toward O'Hara's saloon.

"May be I was a bit rough on the chap," he muttered. "'Twas the dictation I didn't like. Somehow it put old Nick into me."

"Ned, my boy, are you badly hurt?" asked Mrs. Brady, anxiously.

Ned raised his hand to his head and would have fallen to the floor if his mother had not caught him in her arms.

"I—I—feel dizzy-like. Put me in that chair. I'll be all right after a while," replied Ned, in a trembling voice.

"O, Ned, Ned, what have we done that this trouble should be put upon us!" cried Mrs. Brady, passionately.

"Hush, mother; don't speak like that! Mr. Norris, the superintendent of the mission Sunday-school, says that God sends trouble to people to try them, and that if we have faith in Jesus every thing will turn out all right. He said last Sunday that whenever we are afflicted in any way we ought to feel that Jesus loves us. He says the cross will not be so heavy if we cease complaining," said Ned, softly.

"I suppose it is all for the best," replied Mrs. Brady, making an effort to speak cheerfully. "God is too good to try

us beyond our strength. O, if he would make father strong enough to resist temptation! What happiness it would bring to us!" she concluded, with emotion.

"There comes father!" exclaimed Ned, as he caught a glimpse of a figure reeling along the pathway that led to the front door.

Joe staggered up the narrow stair-way and entering his room threw himself upon the neatly made bed. He soon fell into a drunken stupor, from which he did not recover until the next day.

At an early hour on the day following the unpleasant scenes already narrated, Ned springs from his bed, and as he glances out of the window at the beautiful sunshine, and hears the merry twitter of the birds as they fly from tree to tree, his heart is filled with gladness. For a moment he forgets the sorrow that darkens his life, but ere long remembrance returns; he sinks upon his knees and asks God to commemorate the beautiful Sabbath morning by changing the heart of his father so that he may be brought to a realization of the sorrow and suffering that he is bringing upon himself and upon those whom it is his duty to love and protect.

Joe slept until late in the afternoon. He awoke with intense pain in his head, and a feeling of wretchedness so intense that he hurried away from the house toward O'Hara's saloon—firm in the belief that a drink of whisky would put new life into him.

"I need something to brace me up," he muttered, as he walked along. "What a howl the religious folks are making about enforcing the Sunday law," he continued, with a chuckle. "I'd not give *that* for it," snapping his fingers, defiantly; "as long as O'Hara keeps the side door a-jar. I've a big night's work ahead of me. We'll show the upstarts a thing or two before we've done with them!" he exclaimed, savagely. "There's that sneaking John Davis!" he went on, glancing spitefully toward a neatly-dressed laboring man who, accompanied by his family, was on his way to evening service at the mission. "He makes but half the wages I do, and has a bigger family, yet he gets along tip-top. He's joined two societies that'll pay him ten dollars a week if he gets on his back, and if he dies his wife gets a thousand dollars. I ought to do the same thing. I don't know, guess there must be a screw loose somewhere."

While Joe was indulging in soliloquy he was approached by two acquaintances. After a short conversation the trio sneaked through a side door and entered O'Hara's saloon, thereby giving another turn to the screw that was beginning to revolve so rapidly that ere long the man who remained so blind to his own danger would find it impossible to stem the tide which was carrying him to destruction.

It is almost dark when the door of the cottage opens, and Ned Brady steps across the threshold.

"You will not be gone long, Ned?" said his mother, following him and placing her hand upon his arm.

"No, mother; I'll be home directly. I'm a bit stupid to-night. A walk by the old quarry, where it is so quiet, will brighten me up," replied Ned.

"The men are hardly themselves, now that they are on a strike. It would not be wise for you to go very far," said Mrs. Brady, anxiously.

"Never you fear, mother. Not one of them would harm me, I'm sure," replied Ned, as he closed the garden gate.

As Ned walked slowly along he thought of the sermon he had listened to only a few hours before. He thought, too, how nice it would be if his father, mother, and little Alice would go with him to church.

"There's Will Davis, he comes to church and Sunday-school with such a happy face, and his clothes are neat and clean—not a patch to be seen anywhere. I—I—wish that father was like Mr. Davis, and mother—poor mother!—would go to church, I know, if she had one dress fit to wear. I mean to take Alice next Sunday; she—"

Ned's meditations were interrupted by the sound of voices.

He listened; surely the sound came from under the ground. For a moment he was bewildered, then he heard a familiar voice say, in a low tone,

"I'll creep up to the back part of Harrison's house and put the torch to it. Bill Evans will fire the mill; and you, Jim Sands, put a match to the pile of shavings you'll find under the barn. Look out for the signal—two whistles. At two o'clock sharp be at your posts. There'll be big times in Oldham, and there won't be much riding about in carriages for awhile, eh, boys?"

"That there won't. Old Harrison an' the rest o' them'll hev no chance to bring 'scabs' into the mill," replied a voice.

"O, what shall I do to save father and all the rest?" moaned Ned, who, prone upon the ground, kept his ear close to a crevice in the rocks.

The "strikers" were holding a secret meeting in a small cave that had at one time been used for storing powder.

"We've all had our say, so I guess we'd better start for home. Let every man be at his post, but don't go ahead till you hear the signal. We don't want to fail," said Joe Brady.

Ned knew that they would soon leave the cave, so, scrambling to his feet, he ran rapidly homeward, forming plans as he ran.

"Don't be frightened, mother; we'll save them!" said Ned, after he had told his mother what he had heard. "I'll go out now and put the iron bolt across the shutter. I can stand on the shed and reach up. Don't look so frightened, mother, don't!" pleaded Ned. "Father will know that something is the matter, then every thing will be lost. After father is asleep, you must creep quietly out of the room and bolt the door; he won't make a noise, because he wouldn't want to wake up the neighbors. I'll start for Kentford without telling Mr. Harrison. He's old, and the shock might kill him. I'll run nearly all the way, and by half past one there will be enough men here to protect the place."

For an instant the mother holds her boy in a close embrace, the next moment he is gone.

Half an hour later Joe Brady enters the house. He has evidently been "taking something to brace him up," so that he will have courage to commit a double crime, for his gait is unsteady as he climbs the stairs. The wife shudders, and a half-suppressed sob escapes her.

Joe did not hear the sound.

"I've time enough to take a bit of a snooze," he said, as he threw himself upon the bed. In a few minutes he was asleep.

Taking baby Alice in her arms, Jane Brady steals silently from the room. She closes the door softly behind her, and draws the bolt securely. Then, with her sleeping child clasped close to her breast, she awaits the return of her boy.

One, two hours pass away. The little clock on the kitchen mantel strikes the hour of twelve. Can any thing have happened to Ned? She shudders as she realizes the possibility of an accident.

At last, rendered almost frantic by suspense, she falls upon her knees, and with the soft cheek of her innocent child pressed close against her own, the wife and mother prays earnestly that God will watch over the absent one, and aid him in his efforts to save his father from committing a terrible crime.

Another hour passes by, then the sound of a stealthy footstep is heard. The latch of the bedroom door is lifted. A pause ensues. It is tried again; this time a muttered imprecation follows the unsuccessful attempt. The half-hour that follows seems like an age to the woman who waits so anxiously in the room below. Surely, some one is praying!

With a quick movement Jane Brady places her sleeping child upon a small couch, and with noiseless footsteps hurries up the stairs. As she reaches the door of the room where her husband is still a prisoner a voice calls out,

"Jane! Wife, are you there? Open the door. I'll do no harm now."

With a glad cry, Jane draws back the bolt.

"Can you ever forgive me, Joe, for treating you like this?" she cried, with a sob. "I—I—thought—"

"You did what was right, little woman!" said Joe, heartily. "The half-hour passed in that dark room has brought me to my senses. I suffered all sorts of torment till I prayed to God to help me out of the ditch, and now, with God's help, I'll never touch another drop of the poison that came near putting the black stain of murder upon me!" concluded the repentant man.

At this moment some one opened the outer door.

"'Tis Ned!" exclaimed Jane, eagerly.

"Ned? What is he doing abroad at this hour?" asked Joe, in amazement.

Before his wife had time to reply Ned, hearing voices, ascended the stairs. He looked startled when he saw his father, but came bravely forward.

"Where have you been, Ned?" asked Joe, in a tone so different from his usual mode of address that Ned could not help showing the surprise he felt.

"I have saved you, father," said the boy, earnestly.

"What have you done?" asked Joe, in a startled tone.

"Nothing that will bring trouble to you or to any of the men. All the way to Kentford I prayed to Jesus to help me to do what was right. They gave me a horse and told me to hurry back, and said they would follow in fifteen minutes. I hurried to the mill and to Mr. Harrison's house, and told the men that the troops were coming. They all got away just in time."

Joe turned aside his head to hide the tears that came into his eyes.

"Come here, Ned, and listen to what I say. There, let me hold your hands," said Joe, drawing the boy toward him. "Not another drop of liquor shall ever pass my lips; from this night I mean to lead a different life. It was through me that the men were led to do wrong, and it shall be my work to see that they go no farther. We'll go back to the mill, and it'll not be long before Joe Brady's family will be seen taking their way toward the house of God."

"O, father, can it be true? Will you do all this?" cried Ned, joyously.

"I'll need your prayers, and mother's too, to help me over the rough places. I'm sure you'll not fail me."

A glance at the radiant faces before him convinced Joe that both wife and child would do their part faithfully.

At an early hour the next morning Mr. Harrison walked slowly toward the cottage occupied by Joe Brady and his family. He paused with his foot upon the threshold.

"Can it be possible that Joe Brady has become a Christian?" thought the old gentleman.

Through the open window came the concluding words of a prayer.

"Give me strength, O God, to keep from my lips the poison that came so near making me a murderer. Bless my wife, who has been faithful through all, and the boy who has done so much for his father's sake. Shower blessings upon him, and upon the little one who is too young to know how much her father has sinned."

"I am glad, very glad, to find you thus," said Mr. Harrison, holding out his hand to Joe. "And you, my boy," he continued, turning to Ned, "have rendered us a service that will never be forgotten. Any favor you ask of us will be granted?"

"If—I had an education, sir," said Ned, earnestly.

The boy paused and his face flushed; he was ashamed of his impulsiveness.

"You shall have a first-class education, Ned. We will make arrangements at once for you to attend college," said Mr. Harrison, smiling pleasantly.

"But—I—shall want to pay back the money some time," said Ned, in a tone of hesitation.

"We'll talk about that later on," replied Mr. Harrison, with a good-natured smile. "And now about yourself, Joe?" he concluded. "When will you be ready to return to work?"

"Right away, sir; and I think I can promise you that all the men will be in their places before the week is ended," said Joe, briskly.

Many years have passed away since Joe Brady and his faithful wife have been "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking." The Rev. Edward Brady and his sister Alice are in a foreign land, where, far from home and friends, they teach the blessed word of Him who said: "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image."

As time passes on the brother and sister realize that they have been benefited by the trials sent to them during the days of childhood. Naturally sympathetic, they are ever ready to help those who come to them.

"Weary with the struggle and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life."

LITTLE GRACES.

THE memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a faded flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a voice
From God's own word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But, when the heart is overwrought,
O, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well?—*Frances R. Havergal.*

HOW TO EARN MONEY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

A PEN FOR A STAFF.

A CERTAIN young person having heard a plain, practical sermon, remarked that any body could write a sermon like that. "All you want is some ink and a pen, and about twenty pages of paper. You take these and write it out. Why, I could do it myself—if I had a mind to."

An intelligent stranger, hearing this remark, said, "No doubt you could—if you *had* a mind to."

This is one of those old stories that are always amusing. Just now it may serve as a text for a little talk about this matter of earning money. Magazines and newspapers are in all our homes, and young people, both men and women, wonder who writes all the sermons, articles, poems, stories, and sketches that fill the countless pages. Some one must write even the little paragraphs and small items. Why is not that a good way to earn money? Why may not a man or woman buy a little stationery and sell what he or she writes?

This is a good and sensible question. Many people do earn money by writing; some few earn what seems to others a great deal of money. Some people are like the pigs in the story—"they live by their pens." These people earn money in what seems a very easy way, and it really looks as if any one could do it—who had a mind to. Writing is now a regu-

lar business, and we may look at it for a moment to see if it offers any chances for us.

First of all, it is a very new business. Thirty years ago it hardly existed. Books have been made for centuries, and newspapers have been printed for over a hundred years, but it is only within a very short time that any great number of people have taken up the work of writing for publication as a means of earning a living. This makes it a difficult business to understand, and very hard to learn. If you wish to be a farmer you can go to one of the agricultural schools; if you wish to be a lawyer or keep a store you can enter a shop or office and learn the business. There are no schools of journalism, no teachers in the art of writing. The only way open to write for the papers is to become a reporter and work up. The only way to write a book is to write it—how, no one can tell you.

Secondly, there is no fixed price for writing. You may write eight lines of poetry and sell the little sheet of paper for twenty-five dollars. If I should write eight lines I could not get two cents for it. You may do it and you may not get even one cent. On the other hand, I might write, say fourteen thousand words on a hundred sheets of paper and get ten thousand dollars for it. Then again I may not get more than a polite letter of thanks for my trouble.

Thirdly, it is a business, and must be treated as a business. There is no luck, or favoritism, or "interest" in it. People who write do not have to ask a friend to see the editor to beg him to print what they write. A man who has chickens to sell goes to market and sells them for whatever people will pay for chickens that day. A man with a story does the same thing. He offers it for sale, and if any body wants it he buys it for whatever it is worth to him. It may be the most lovely poem in the world. If the person who buys it thinks he can sell it he will buy it. You see it is quite different from the case of the chickens. The man who buys the chicken may sell it again to some one who wants to eat it. If he does not sell it he can eat it himself. The man who buys a story must sell it to the people who want to read it, but we can hardly think he buys it to read to himself. If the people do not want to read it, nobody will buy it no matter how good it is.

Let us see what chances there are in the business. A newspaper tells the news, and to tell news it must buy it. Now, have you any news to sell! You are walking in a country road some day and come to a lonely farm-house. Just as you get there some silly boy smoking a cigarette sets fire to the barn. You run in, help take the horses out, pull out the wagons, and stay with the farmer till the old barn is burned down. It is a quiet place, and only a few people beside the farmer and his family are there. You ask the farmer for his name, and what was in the barn and its value, and where it was insured and for how much, and rush off home and write it all out in about two hundred words, and then run with it to the office of the village newspaper. This is news, and perhaps the editor will give you a dollar or two for it. Perhaps he will give fifty cents; perhaps a copy of the paper, worth two cents. Perhaps for years you have been studying strawberries. You have read all the books about strawberries, and have won the prize for the best berries at the county fair. Some day you write out on paper an account of your particular way of raising strawberries. Here is a bit of news, and you send it by mail to the agricultural paper, and next week you get a check for five dollars. Notice the difference. Reporting the fire cost you very little labor, not over a few hours, and you get a dollar for it. Your experience with strawberries extends over several years, and you are very poorly paid at five dollars. Twenty-five would be nearer the value. In each case the public pays for the news about the fire and the strawberries. One is of only temporary value, and not very important. The other is of permanent value, and may help every one who has a strawberry bed to raise better strawberries. The information you give is worth a good deal to a great many people, and they pay the editor enough to enable

him to pay you more than if you only brought news about a barn on fire.

So the business of writing consists in telling something. The most easy thing to tell is the little local news—fires, a horse in the river, or other trifling events. The next best thing is news about something you have learned in your work or from observation. You travel about and see odd sights or meet strange people, and tell about these. You run about the city and see what people are doing; who has painted a new picture, or given a charming reception, or invented a new telephone, or opened a school for the study of plain cooking. This is news-gathering, and now and then a few dollars may be earned. After years of practice you may be able to even support yourself in comfort by this work. It means a wide-awake, active life, out-of-doors in all weather, and downright hard work, and about the same pay as a first-rate carpenter or brick-layer.

Not long ago a young man in college said to his teacher, "I mean to be a writer as soon as I leave school." "Better not be in a hurry," said the professor; "better wait till there is something in the window before you take down the shutters." This leads us to quite another side of the business. What did the professor mean? Any young man or woman who can write plain English ready to be printed can be taught in one year to report news for the papers. He or she can earn about \$15 a week, but the work is hard, wearisome, ill-paid, and very uncertain. To sit at home and write things that will be paid for and printed is quite another matter. Thousands think it is easy to do, so very easy they would like to do it. How pleasant it looks, a comfortable room and a desk, and checks coming in from the papers every week! Never was there a greater mistake. Don't take down the shutters till you have filled your window. Do not think you can write till you have something to say.

Here is the bottom fact of the business. Have you any thing to say? Have you any good words that will help men and women to be better and wiser or happier? Have you any thing to say to little children that will lead them to sweet and lovely ways, to brave manhood and amiable womanhood? Can you help the world to any good thought or deed? Can you tell of any thing about God's world that you have learned and that it will be good for any one to know? If you can, then write—write, for it is commanded that you should write. There will be ways open to you, there will be chances enough. Have something to say and say it. Don't think about the money just now. It will come fast enough if what you say is good and true and wise and helpful.

We are talking about earning money. Money can be earned by writing, by gathering news, by telling what you have seen or have thought. No man can tell you how much it is worth. Write it out and give it to some paper. Ask no pay for it, but get it printed in some paper, and this is not at all difficult to do. Once or twice trying will be enough. The publisher will find out very soon whether the public wants to hear what you say. If the people are pleased with your work, he will ask for more, and soon be ready to pay a little something. If your work is of great merit you will soon find it out and your pay will rise. If the public does not like your work it is useless to cry or complain about the editor. You have taken down the shutters too soon. Wait five years and try again. If you fail again accept it manfully and turn to other work. The angel has not called you. Do not show your work to friends. Have it printed and find out what the public thinks. The public is fair and just, and will tell you the truth about yourself and your work. Don't be in a hurry to rush into print. Some one asked a celebrated minister how long it took him to write a certain sermon. "About forty years." Some one asked Haydn how many years he intended to work on "The Creation." "I am writing it to last a hundred years," he said. He meant that he felt that a great work must cost a life-time. This is the sum of the whole matter. It is possible for young people to earn money with the pen. The only way is to try. If you

fail, say nothing. You are not called. If the angel has whispered and said unto you, "Write," do not say, "What shall I write?" but do it with might and main.

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XIX.

Yes! it was Lewis Denning who stood there bargaining for an apple, but the instant he turned and saw Jack at his elbow he became even paler than at first, and then a hot, guilty blush surged up over all his face. It was more than a year since Jack had seen him, and in that time he had lost his place from little but frequent acts of dishonesty, and gone down rapidly. O boys, it is so awfully easy to go down! Lewis had but one idea in his life, and that was, in his own phrase, "to have a good time." How often I hear that expression on the lips of old and young, and how it makes me shudder, thinking of the lives I know that have been wrecked, ruined, at the very least made useless and dependent, by the possessing desire for a "good time." Pleasure is not the chief end of man or of his life, and he who makes it the be-all and end-all of his existence makes the greatest and saddest mistake possible.

Lewis had been so often to places where so-called "pleasure" is vended that his small salary was soon spent, and he found himself not only in debt, but what to his untrained nature seemed still worse, without a cent to buy tickets for theaters, excursions, or even to pay his fare to horse-races. Small sums passed through his hands daily, but not into the cash-drawer; they found the way to his pocket instead. He always meant to pay them back, but never did. They amounted to such a sum by the time his quarter's wages came in that he could not pay his board and restore his "borrowings," as he pleased to call them; for it grew to be a need in his mind that he should go to some place of amusement at least five nights out of seven. But at last his sin found him out; he had for some weeks been suspected and watched by the cashier, who had detected certain disagreements between Lewis's accounts and his cash, for the boy was not yet a skillful thief, and when he had left the bank where he was at first, to take a place as salesman in a dry goods store, he had not been very well recommended, though only censured for carelessness, a fault less pardonable in banking business than any other. When he was turned adrift, thankful that the firm in consideration of his youth were willing to let him go without prosecution, if without a character, he could find no respectable place where he would be employed without references, so he went into a low saloon as a billiard-marker, then helped at the bar, and with fearful swiftness learned all the vices of his companions.

Now when Jack had first gone to sleep at the bank Frank Sherman had naturally talked to him about the new plan, and expressed his own pleasure at being "out of that fix," as he said.

"But aren't you shaky at all?" he inquired.

"No, not yet!" laughed Jack. "I may shake when the time comes, but I feel pretty safe with my pistol."

"You'll be too scared to use it, I'll bet my head."

"I guess not. I mean to have it handy, so I sha'n't have a chance to be scared."

"Take it to bed, do you?"

"Not much! I don't want to shoot myself. I put it on a chair by my side, where I can reach it right off."

"Well, we shall see if you aren't too scared to think of it," sneered Frank, and neither of the boys thought any more of the conversation.

Jack did not think he had done any harm by mentioning the situation of his pistol, to another clerk in the bank particularly; he had been silent about the spring in the floor, and considered that enough. But it happened that shortly afterward Frank Sherman, whose passion for music had led him into some associations not altogether desirable, had gone with a young fellow who played the violin in a certain orchestra to have a game of billiards in the very place where Lewis Denning was employed. Frank felt some surprise at seeing his former friend there, and Lewis told a piteous story of misfortune which moved Frank's really generous heart. Shyly, but with true good feeling, he offered Lewis a five-dollar bill as a loan, which was eagerly accepted, and thrust into his pistol pocket with the remark:

"Nobody will meddle with that little barker; the fiver wouldn't be safe in these diggings anywhere else."

"You go armed day and night, do you?" inquired Frank.

"Well, it's better to do so in these diggings; but I've got to earn my bread if it is among roughs and scallawags," said Lewis, with a deep sigh.

"You're twice as well defended as Jack!" laughed Frank, thinking of Jack's chair by his bed.

Of course Lewis asked why, and then came a repetition of the two boys' talk about the best place to keep your defenses.

Long after this Lewis became intimate with a man who was called Downy Joe by his companions, and who was really a professional burglar. He gradually won over Lewis into thinking that all property was robbery; that the rich only oppressed and plundered the poor, and that the poor had a real right to avail themselves in any way they could of the riches their fellow-men had accumulated.

The reasoning seemed conclusive to Lewis, who only heard one side of the question; for this seed fell on prepared ground. The young man's soul was full of envy and bitterness, and hate soon overgrew even these evil weeds. He began to consider that he was daily and persistently wronged because he was poor. It never once occurred to him that the greater part of these wealthy men had begun life in as penniless a condition as he had, but instead of spending their hard-earned money on amusements of a doubtful sort, and their time in reviling and hating their fellow-creatures, they had worked hard, lived economically, and made such a study of the particular business each undertook that they had just as much earned their stores of money as he had his pittance in the billiard-rooms, and earned it far more faithfully and laboriously. So when Downy Joe proposed to show Lewis a short way to wealth through the money stored in the B— bank he found a willing accomplice, and Lewis was proud to recall his talk with Frank Sherman and describe to Joe the arrangements Jack made nightly for his defense.

How far a word may go! What mischief it may do! Jack's unthinking words with Frank were really the means of his suffering now. But he never knew it. And just now the only idea that filled his brain was that Lewis Denning was a burglar, and had come near being a murderer too, for at that moment Jack forgot that the older man had taken as well as fired his pistol. He laid his hand on the ragged, dirty young fellow's arm.

"Lewis Denning! how could you?" he asked, his voice trembling.

"Could what?" retorted Lewis, with a dreadful oath.

"I saw your hand, and the scar!" said Jack, slowly and distinctly.

Lewis wrenched his arm from Jack's grasp and escaped round the corner of the station.

"What is it, sir?" asked a policeman who had been watching the interview with suspicious interest.

"Nothing," said Jack, sharply.

"One o' them sharps, *he is*," went on the officer. "Always a-hangin' round depots them kind be; I didn't know but he'd be'n a-tryin' it on you. Want him kep' an eye on?"

"No!" answered Jack.

His mind was strongly confused and excited. Its first im-

pulse had been mere pity. Lewis should escape, he would not detain him. And then came the thought—had he any right to help a criminal evade the law? Jack was not versed in metaphysics. He did not often find himself in a dilemma. His business was simple, a certain round of daily duties that involved no decision, no choice, no particular sequence of thought or reflection; out of the bank he had his rational pleasures, and his religious duties, at which he had not yet begun to cavil or question. To be brought suddenly face to face with a doubt like this disturbed him much.

How he wished that train, already screaming far in the distance, were bringing his mother instead of taking her away! He knew very well that in spite of what he said that policeman would keep an eye on Lewis, and could probably arrest him at any time, but this added to his perplexity and pain. But by the time he had reached the bank he decided to ask Mr. Gray's advice, and throw the responsibility on to stronger shoulders than his own. So he asked that gentlemen to come into the directors' room and laid the case before him. Mr. Gray considered a moment, then he said:

"Jack, I shall leave this entirely to you to decide. I see you want to shift your responsibility on to me, but you can't do it; this is your business, face it manfully. You recognized the hand, and then the man. I had nothing to do with it. I know that the idea of much modern thought is to avoid responsibility for any thing and every thing, but it is all wrong. To judge of proper action, 'to refuse the evil and choose the good,' as Scripture says, is man's high duty and prerogative, and no man can be strong and faithful who evades and avoids it. Now here it stands: you are sorry for Lewis Denning; you were once friendly with him; you do not like to have the law deal with him; you prefer to let him go free. Well, has his offense so entirely concerned you that you have the right to condone it? He has broken a known law of the land. He has endeavored to rob your employers. Have you no duty to them and to outraged law? Moreover, what do you do to him by countenancing his deed, as you do if you aid or abet his escape? Why, you turn him loose on society to repeat his offense, all the more surely because he has escaped. You deprive him of the benefit of punishment as well as its pains; have you any moral right to do this? Jack, remember your mother's watch-word. There are times when even to the petition of mercy and benevolence an honest Christian man must say 'No.'"

Jack meditated awhile on this brief statement of the case, and then went to Mr. Gray and said, though as if the words choked him, it must be owned,

"Mr. Gray, I guess you'd better tell the police about him."

Mr. Gray understood. He shook Jack's hand heartily, for he pitied his struggle though he respected his decision.

But circumstances saved Jack the trial to which he looked forward. Circumstances, I say, for they are the tools of God even when we do not see that he uses them to shape and fashion souls into his image. Lewis Denning was too new to crime not to be alarmed thoroughly by Jack's recognition. He fled at once from the city to another where he would have still greater opportunities to sink in the scale of being, and Jack never saw him again for years. But once, long after, being asked by a prison chaplain who was his friend, and had watched his course in life, to say a few words in the prison chapel one Sunday, Jack saw among the ranks of evil and worn-out faces before him one that he sadly recognized. Lewis Denning under another name was serving out a long sentence for burglary and arson. He had gone on, slipping down, down, down, almost to the very lowest depths earth knows. Jack could not speak that day; he excused himself and hurried out of the chapel. He was then a grown man, in a happy home of his own. But there flashed across him the words of the sainted old divine who, seeing a man pass to the gallows, exclaimed, with strong pathos, "There goes John Newton but for the grace of God!" For by this time Jack knew his own father's story, and recognized with reverence and gratitude the motherly wisdom that had taught him to

deny his craving for pleasure, and instilled into him the love of right and duty, the power to say "No," even to the dearest sin.

As he thought of this his head fell on his bosom in humble thankfulness, and he whispered to himself words greater and diviner than Newton's: "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

[To be continued.]

FAITH.

SHE reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"
She sees the Best that glimmers through the Worst,
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer through the winter bud,
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain where they wailed "Mirage!"
—Tennyson.

THE LOG OF THE "AURANIA."

Saturday, Sept. 4, 1886.—The Cunard steam-ship *Aurania* left Pier 40, North River, promptly at 9:30, and proceeded to sea in charge of a regular harbor pilot. We passed Bedloe's Island, where the Statue of Liberty was still making her brazen toilet, slipped along the shore of Staten Island, caught a glimpse of the elephant at Brighton Beach, followed the bend of Sandy Hook, and at 11 slowed up to "drop the pilot."

That free-born American citizen in a derby hat and cut-away coat, who had been directing the gold-laced English officers on the bridge, pocketed our shore-letters, slid down a rope into the boat awaiting him, and we were at the mercy of the Atlantic.

A short stop was made about 1 P. M. on account of some friction in the engines, but we were soon under way again. During the afternoon a French steamer slipped by us along the northern horizon.

The weather was fine, with a pleasant breeze from the north-east, making a good draught under the boilers and sending plenty of air below.

The cabin passengers number about 200, among them Matthew Arnold, wife, and daughter.

Sunday, Sept. 5.—A little more wind from the north-east, and the ship has a decided motion. At four bells (10 o'clock) the captain read the English service in the main saloon. The volunteer choir were stationed in the music-room on the deck above. The two rooms are connected by a large oval opening with balustrades. The services were attended by some of the officers and crew, and by those of the steerage and intermediate passengers who cared to be present.

At noon the day's run was posted in the companion-way. Distance from Sandy Hook, 372 miles.

During the afternoon the passengers sit about the deck in steamer-chairs or promenade back and forth.

The hours for meals are as follows: Breakfast, 8:30–10; lunch, 1; dinner, 6. Many passengers take their meals on deck rather than run the gauntlet of smells that leads to the dining-saloon.

The meals are rather poor, and are served by superannuated subjects of her gracious majesty, in short coats and brass buttons.

"Ow'll you 'ave your beef?" "Any think else, sir?" "Am and heggs? Yes, sir," are to be heard on every hand.

Monday, Sept. 6.—Weather perfect. The wind shifted to south-east, and try-sails were set to steady the ship which is bowling along at 17 miles an hour.

During the morning we passed a full-rigged ship, 15 miles to the south of us.

Games appear on the after deck. A number of English

enthusiasts bat about a canvas bag, evidently under the impression that they are playing cricket. Ring-toss and shuffle-board divide the interest of the other lovers of sports.

The run posted at 12, sun time, to-day, indicates that we are in long. 57 deg. 30 min. west, lat. 42 deg. 50 min. north, and have run 390 miles since noon yesterday. We are gaining forty minutes a day; so this 390 miles represents an actual running time of 23 hours and 20 minutes.

Peculiarities of passengers begin to develop. A party of Americans from a prominent western city possess a fund of anecdote and personal information which they seem anxious to share with their fellow-passengers. One lady asserts that her husband values his time of absence from K— at \$100 per day. She neglects to state the figures at which the inhabitants of K— hold this evacuation.

A bulletin announces that "The Aurania News" will be published by the ship's printer at 12:30 on Wednesday.

We met a Guion line steamer just before dinner. She passed eight or ten miles to the north of us.

A number of passengers found excuse in a wind-broken accord for a moonlight dance on the after deck.

Tuesday, Sept. 7.—Off the banks of Newfoundland. Early this morning passed a fishing-smack. She had out five small boats, one of which came almost within hailing distance. The wind is light from the north-east, and the sea is smooth. A shift in the wind last night caused the officers to set the foretop-sail, jib, and fore and aft try-sails, but they ceased to draw this morning and were taken in.

A school of porpoises appeared off to port this morning, and later three whales spouted some distance to the north.

The run posted at noon to-day shows exactly the same distance as that made yesterday—390 miles.

We were at noon in lat. 44 deg. 38 min. north, and long. 48 deg. 54 min. west. All danger of fog is past, as we left the banks soon after lunch.

A number of amateurs are practicing in the music-room for a concert, which will be in all probability an immolation of popular melodies in the interest of the "Seamen's Home" at Liverpool. To judge from the rehearsals the slaughter will be terrible.

Cricket languishes, as half a dozen balls at 6d. each have been lost overboard, and the supply is exhausted. Two Japanese merchants are having an exciting game at ring-toss. Neither has scored as yet, but nothing seems to discourage these saddle-colored players.

The immigrants spend their time lounging, playing cards, skipping rope, and singing. One of them reads the "Century Magazine."

This evening the sailors held high carnival on the forward deck. The "Toilers of the Deep Jockey Club" had a racing meeting. A policeman, in huge gilt buttons and armed with a rope club, kept back the crowd of immigrants, stewards, and sailors from the track. A pool-seller, mounted on an empty flour-barrel, shouted himself hoarse offering bets on the favorites. The two horses were dummies fastened about the waist of two sailors. Huge canvas heads stretched out in front, yarn tails flaunted in the breeze behind as "Eight-bells" and "Teddy" pranced about the starting-point.

Several exciting contests took place in the form of running races, steeple-chases, etc. The second dog-watch (6 to 8 P. M.) soon passed, and at eight bells the sport ended, and the "toilers of the deep" resumed their regular duties.

My English neighbor at table to-day rather surprised me by asking,

"Oo is this Matthew Arnold? Some literary chap, isn't 'e?"

I said I believed he was.

Wednesday, Sept. 8.—Early this morning an avalanche of valises, umbrellas, rugs, bottles, and other movable objects throughout the ship ushered in a rolling day. The wind is in the north, and we have wallowed through the trough of the waves all day. Those who have not had pressing engagements in their cabins have held down steamer chairs,

promenaded the sloping decks, and amused themselves by trying to follow a single plank.

At noon the run 398 miles was posted, and we were 1,150 miles from Sandy Hook. Half an hour later the long-expected "Aurania News" appeared in the form of a four-page pink paper, about the size of the daily bill of fare and equally attractive.

The contents are interesting in the extreme. A gem of poetry from its pages we cannot refrain from quoting. It is by one of our English passengers:

"The coals may burn, the wind may blow,
She steams hard, night and day;
But she wont land us home before Sunday
Because 'she aint built that way.'"

The following summary of passengers and crew is also from the "News:"

Sailing department.....	56	Intermediate passengers....	59
Engineer's department.....	87	Steerage passengers.....	127
Steward's department.....	101		
Cabin passengers.....	191	Total.....	621

Thursday, Sept. 9.—Still rolling heavily. Wind north-east. Ledges on the table to keep the dishes in place. Nothing seems to keep some of the passengers in their places. Exciting promenades on deck. Steamer chairs lashed into their positions.

The run at noon, 391 miles.

During the afternoon the sky cleared up, and the sun came out brightly. During the second dog-watch "Teddy" and "Eight-bells" again appear on the forward deck accompanied by a canvas-covered elephant "Jumbo." Great excitement and hilarity among the "toilers of the deep."

About nine o'clock we sighted a steamer to the south. We burned three blue Roman candles, and the steamer answered with a bar of red fire. She is supposed to be a Guion vessel.

At 10:30 it is clear and bright, with the wind blowing freshly from the north.

Friday, Sept. 10.—Rolling and raining. The decks, wet and slippery, are almost deserted. The music-room is crowded, and the saloon tables are surrounded by letter-writers. To-morrow we shall sight land, and at Queenstown the sea voyage of our party will end for the present.

The concert announced for last evening (w. p.) was postponed, and the saloon will become a musical abattoir to-night.

The run posted at noon announced the distance as 394 miles, dead reckoning. Distance to Fastnet Light, 435 miles.

The rain and wind continued during the afternoon, and the passengers sat about in the companion-ways, music-room, and saloon.

Just before lunch one of the sails split and had to be taken in.

The concert in the evening was a success financially. Matthew Arnold presided, and a large programme was rendered. One of the Japanese embassy gave a song in his native tongue.

Saturday, Sept. 11.—Still rolling. The rain has ceased, and the wind moderated slightly. We shall pass Fastnet Light if all goes well at two o'clock this afternoon, and touch at Queenstown about six.

Nothing remarkable has happened since last night. Two mail-bags, one labeled "America" and the other "Europe," hang in the companion-way. Into the former this fragmentary log must soon be dropped, that it may reach OUR YOUTH by the first mail.

To-morrow morning about 10 o'clock the *Aurania* will drop anchor in the Mersey, and her voyage will be at an end.

ETERNAL self-communion is our destiny. Shall it be communion with selves that we must abhor or despise, or with selves into which we can look with gratitude and gladness?—A. P. Peabody.

CATCHING COONS.

BY JAMES LISLE.

RACCOONS, or "coons," as they were usually called, were formerly quite numerous in the wooded parts of the Western States. Their flesh was eaten by the people of the backwoods, and their skins were always salable. Professional hunters killed them for profit, but many others hunted them for amusement, and an old-fashioned coon-hunt was "profitable" in this way, if in no other.

These hunts were at night, and with dogs. A full-grown coon can readily whip an ordinary dog much larger than himself, but a sensible dog is smarter than a coon, and, after he has been beaten in two or three fights, he learns the coon's tricks, after which he will take care of himself and of the coon too.

When a coon-hunt for amusement was agreed upon, a company of young men and boys, with sometimes a few of the older men, would be collected at a suitable place in the evening. All who had trained dogs would bring them. In addition to these, there would usually be a number of other canines—old dogs and young dogs, big dogs and little dogs, hounds and curs.

To give light for the hunt a plentiful supply of torches would be provided. These were made of thin splinters of dry wood bound in bundles, three or four feet long, and as large around as a man's arm. Thus prepared, the company scoured the woods, climbing over hills and hollows, and making night hideous with their noise. If there was a coon near, the dogs would speedily find him. If he got up a tree—and he generally did—the company would gather around the tree, and torches would be set up, lighting the woods for a great way. If the tree could be readily climbed, a person would be set to climb it, when he would, if possible, shake or knock the coon off the tree, to be worried and killed by the dogs.

Sometimes the coon would get into a hollow tree, and could not be dislodged, or he might get up a tree which could not be readily climbed. Then the tree must be cut down. As axes were always carried on these hunts, no time would be lost. If the tree was large, two would be set chopping on each side, and others would change with them every few minutes. Sometimes half a dozen trees would be cut down in a single night—trees a foot and a half to two feet, or even three feet, through. These trees might be valuable, but coon-hunters seldom stopped to consider how much mischief they might be doing.

Of course accidents of one kind or another often happened. Sometimes the coon suffered, and sometimes he didn't. A young friend of mine once went out with a neighbor for a night's sport. After a little time, their dog, a very skillful "coon dog," chased a coon up a tree that stood in a swamp where the water was possibly ten inches deep, and the mud—well, no matter how deep the mud was—there was plenty of it. The other young man, being a good climber, was sent up the tree, while my friend was to hold the dog until the coon should fall. The shaking was well done, and "something" fell into the water and mud, and was thoroughly worried by the dog, until it was discovered that the coon was still safely perched aloft.

Another young friend—we will call him Smith—had an adventure that was even more laughable than this. We will let him tell how he "caught a coon":

"It was late in the fall. There was to be a party a few miles from our house, and Jim Brown and I dressed up in our 'store clothes,' mounted our horses, and went to the merry-making. The party was well attended, and the entertainment was kept up into, and nearly through, the 'small hours.' In fact, it was coming daylight by the time we had our horses saddled and were ready to start for home.

"There had been a slight fall of snow during the night—a splendid tracking snow—and Jim, who was an enthusiastic hunter, declared it was too good to be lost, that he must hurry

home and go out hunting. We were more than half-way home when, as we were passing through the timber, Jim suddenly shouted, 'There's a coon's track. See what a big fellow, and he's not far off.' Nothing would do but we must dismount and follow the trail for a little way.

"We tied our horses to saplings, and followed the track. Sure enough, within a few minutes we found where the coon was 'treed.' The tree was an old one, about two feet through, and there was a great hollow in the trunk which the coon was occupying. The tree stood on a hill-side, and there was very little under-brush near.

"I was never a hunter, and so did not feel much interest in Jim's find. But he declared I must help him get that coon, and, to begin, I must stand guard while he should go to a neighbor's house near by and get an ax. I did as I was told. The coon did not get away, though I afterward wished I had been a little less careful.

"Jim was soon back with the ax. He first cut a big club with which to fight the coon when he should show himself, then he pulled off his coat and went to work in earnest to cut down the tree. I 'spelled' him after a while; then he took the ax again, and as the tree was about to fall, he posted me with the club at a place where the coon would probably run, when his dwelling should go tumbling down.

"As the tree began to totter I prepared for battle. My blood was up a little, and I gripped the club, ready to fight a hundred coons, if need be. At last the tree came down with a crash, but no coon walked out to be slaughtered. I thought it a good joke on Jim, and shouted,

"'There, I told you it was no use; there was no coon to be caught, but you wouldn't believe me.' But Jim was not discouraged. He was better acquainted with coon habits than I was, and he promptly replied,

"'Never mind, the coon's all right. See here, you watch here'—pointing to a big hole in the trunk of the fallen tree—'while I pound this log.'

"He gave the log a big whack with the back of the ax, and we heard a stir inside. He then whacked again, and out came a coon. But I was ready for him, and struck him such a blow on the head that he went no farther. Without leaving his place, Jim struck the log again and listened. Suddenly he shouted,

"'Watch out, here's another coon.'

"I 'watched out,' and the coon, a monstrous fellow, came out with a rush. I struck at him with all my might, but missed him, and he started to run away.

"Of course I ran after him, and Jim came running after me, yelling, 'Hit him, hit him, hit him!' I tried hard enough to 'hit him,' but to no purpose; he was so far ahead that I could barely touch him with my stick, and my well-meant efforts only hurried him onward the faster. I had slightly the advantage of the coon, for we were running in a quartering direction down the hill. I could run about as fast as he could, but could not have kept it up much longer, when something tripped me, and I pitched headlong forward, and landed fairly on the back of that coon!

"He was an astonished coon, you may well believe, when I successfully executed this maneuver. I threw my arms around him and held on, while we turned one or two somersaults down the hill. But if the coon was at first astonished at being embraced in this fashion, he got over the embarrassment very soon, and, being averse to any one taking such liberties with him, he went to work on sound business principles to punish the offender. Then I was the party that was astonished.

"He scratched me with his sharp claws, and tore my Sunday clothes to tatters, while I had all I could do to keep him from planting his ugly teeth in my face. I tried to choke the brute, but failed, when, getting my hand in his mouth, he put his teeth clear through it. It was all done in a moment, and I was so thoroughly disgusted with the proceeding that I let go the coon, and he, evidently satisfied with his work, retired in good order, and without making any apology, leav-

ing me to meditate at my leisure on the difference between 'catching a coon,' and being 'caught by a coon.'

"While I was tussling with the beast, Jim, instead of coming to my assistance, stood by looking on, and nearly bursting with laughter. He afterward said that the coon and I were so mixed up for a minute that he was afraid if he struck he might hit the wrong party!

"If Jim hadn't been wasting his time laughing at me he might have been ready to take charge of the animal when I got through with him. As it was, each of us had something to remember. I had scratches without number, a hand to be nursed for a month, and a bill for a new suit of clothes. Jim had so much fun that he couldn't do laughing enough, so he told the story all over the neighborhood, to get them to help him—and—the coon had his liberty. No, I don't hunt coons now. I know how, under proper conditions, a coon can be caught, but I don't want to catch any more in that way."

"CHESTNUTS!"

How the word "chestnut" came to be applied to a stale joke or a twice-told tale it would be difficult to explain; but it is certain that no expression in the whole vocabulary of American slang has had a wider currency. It is a word which has no rightful place in our speech, and its use is both unbecoming and impudent. The latest freak of this vulgarity is the so-called "chestnut-gong"—a small bell which the playful youth attaches to his vest, and rings whenever he thinks it time to say "chestnuts." These gongs are sold by street venders who attract much attention by reason of the novelty of their wares. One of these hucksters was the victim of a ludicrous misunderstanding the other day in Boston:

There was a block on Tremont Street and a line of motionless horse-cars stretched from the Winthrop statue to Boylston Street. The trucks and express wagons which came up the cross streets from the busiest part of the city were a tangled mass waiting for the cars to break the blockade. Near the West Street curb was an express wagon, the driver of which had withdrawn his attention from his horse and was watching the passers-by. He heard the tinkle of a bell, and saw approaching him a man whose breast was abundantly decorated with nickel-plated gongs and who bore before him a large tray of the same goods. The driver hailed him at once:

"Halloa! Johnny, what are those things for?"

"Chestnuts," was the brief and correct reply.

"O, no joking now, what are the little bells for?"

"Chestnuts," repeated the peddler, who had intended no joke, but who now began to appreciate and enjoy the affair.

Not so with the driver. He was warm and impatient from waiting in the sun, and not at all in a mood to be trifled with.

"Tell me what those things are meant for, or—"

"Chestnuts," came promptly from the vender's lips, but before he had time to chuckle over the joke a brawny fist struck him in the face, and he went down on the sidewalk, scattering his chestnut-indicators far and wide. The worst being over a policeman came up, listened to the story of the expressman, and explained the situation to the satisfaction of both parties. By this time the jam in the street was over, and the driver regained his seat and drove off looking as sheepish as the man whom he had just punished.

IN CHERRY TIME.

A MONTANA dog-fancier is said to have succeeded in producing a breed of dogs that climb trees without difficulty. The story is told on rather poor authority and is probably not worthy of belief. But it would have been even worse for the boys in the Dutchman's cherry-trees if the dogs in the following story had been of the climbing breed. Says that mine of imaginary anecdote, the "Detroit Free Press:—"

One of the sanitary squad of the police force was up Hullett Street the other day when an old gray-headed citizen accosted him with:

"Maybe you like to catch some pad boys, eh?"

"If I see any bad boys I shall certainly catch them," replied the officer.

"I catch some for you now."

"Where?"

The old man beckoned him into the side gate and around the house. In the back yard were four cherry-trees loaded with red fruit, and in the branches of every tree was a boy from eight to twelve years of age. Guarding the tree were two dogs, and that they were anxious for boy-meat was plainly shown by their actions.

"When did you catch 'em?" asked the officer.

"Six hours ago. If you doan' want 'em I guess I leave 'em till night. If some boys like cherries it was too bad to bring 'em down before he vhas full."

The officer went away and left them on their perches.

GRANT'S TEACHER.

If the story which is told below is true, General Grant had no need of a West Point education in strategy, for his father was apparently a master of arts in that branch of the science of war. Eli Perkins writes as follows in the "Chicago Inter-Ocean:—"

Once while talking with General Grant, I asked him how he got his strategic knowledge.

"I got it on the farm when I was a boy," said the general. "I learned it when I was driving oxen, feeding calves, and breaking horses. One day, when I was on the old farm in Ohio, my father taught me a valuable lesson in strategy."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, father took me into the stable one day, where a row of cattle stood in their uncleaned stalls.

"Said he, 'Ulysses, the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean out the stable?'"

"I don't know, father," says I; 'I never have done it.'

"Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning, I will give you this bright silver dollar," patting me on my head, while he held the silver dollar before my eyes.

"Good," says I; 'I'll try,' and then I went to work. I tugged and pulled and lifted and puffed, and finally it was done, and father gave me the bright silver dollar, saying:

"That's right, Ulysses, you did it splendidly, and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning all winter."

HOW A COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED.

OUR older colleges for young men were founded before the days of great fortunes, and owe their present prosperity to the sacrifice and devotion of the men who watched over their early years. A writer in the "Advance" tells how the first college for young women came into existence:

One day, Matthew Vassar, standing by the great London hospital built by Thomas Guy, a relative, and endowed by him with over a million dollars, read these words on a pedestal of the bronze statue:

"Sole founder of the hospital,
IN HIS LIFE-TIME."

The last three words left a deep impression on his mind. He had no children. He desired to leave his money where it would be of permanent value to the world. He debated many plans in his own mind. It is said that his niece, a hard-working teacher, Lydia Booth, finally influenced him to his grand decision.

There was no real college for women in the land. He talked the matter over with his friends, but they were full of discouragements. However, Matthew Vassar had his own thoughts. Calling together, Feb. 26, 1861, some twenty or thirty of the men in the State most conversant with educational matters, the white-haired man, now nearly seventy, laid his hand upon a round tin box, labeled "Vassar College Papers," containing \$400,000 in bonds and securities, and said:

"I have come to the conclusion that the establishment and endowment of a college for the education of young women is a work which will satisfy my highest aspirations, and will be, under God, a rich blessing to this city and State, and to our country and the world."

SCHOOL-BOY ERRORS.

THE following collection of curious errors is said to have been made up from the examination papers of English school-boys. The school-girls have apparently been successful in keeping their mistakes out of the newspapers. Such ignorance as some of the following answers display could best be expressed in the teacher's marking-books by a device which was used by an instructor in an eastern college who was accustomed to mark below zero for what he called "abyssmal ignorance" of the subject:

There was some confusion in the mind of one who, on being asked to state what he knew of Wesley, wrote, "Wesley was the founder of the Wesleyan Chapel, who was afterward called Lord Wellington; a monument was erected to him in Hyde Park, but it has been taken down lately." The mention of one great name suggests others. "Luther introduced Christianity a thousand years ago; his birthday was in November, 1883. He was once a pope; he lived in the time of the Rebellion of Worms." "Socrates was no use at fighting; he was very ugly; he had a flat nose, his eyes stuck out; he destroyed some statues, and had to drink the shamrock." Being asked to give the name of the "greatest living poet," one boy wrote, "Homer, whose poems are the best, as stated in Question V." On turning to that question, we find the words, "What poet was wiser than Homer? What poem is better?" This sentence, which was to be turned into Latin, had been meant merely to test knowledge of genders and such details; the earnest-minded scholar found in it information of modern interest. A school-fellow gives the following list of Homer's writings: "1. Homer's Essays; 2. Virgil; 3. The Æneid; 4. Paradise Lost." It was a student of riper years who, being asked to state his views on "the Homeric question," wrote, "Some people say that these poems were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, \$1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.]

As one enters "College Cottage" he gives a glance at the attractive exterior. The house is white, has green blinds, and in a little bit of a yard you see grass, vines, and flowers. The fence is low, and pretty vines climb up the porticoes. Do the people in that vine-bedecked cottage wash the blinds and the white paint of house and fence every week? Do they sweep up every grain of dust on the sidewalk? Between the flagstone pavement and the line of grassy fringe that divides the foot-path from the street there is a long narrow strip of unflagged earth that is as clean as if it were swept five times a day; and out into the road extends the proof that hoe, rake, and broom are daily used. The refuse of leaves and pebbles swept into the road is not left there to disfigure it, and stand as a monument of self-righteousness, but all foreign matter is carefully removed, and the evidence of care and taste passes out of sight in the ordinary roughness of the road. But any one passing in our day is compelled to observe the signs of tidiness and care in every thing that pertains to that little house. If all the neighbors did the same thing the whole street would be like a well-kept park. Why don't they all do it? It came to pass that in due time they did, but how we shall not now attempt to tell.

COME into the cottage. The owners invite you. Harmonies of color in kalsominic tint, in carpet, in wood-work, drapery, and decoration, charm you at once. Here is perfection of art. Out of cheap material ineffable tones and touches are secured. Nothing "loud" offends you. Nothing individualizes itself into annoying obtrusiveness. You see simplicity and unity, and you have peace. A closer and more circumstantial look reveals the several units which contribute to the entire effect, and every separate element is a study. Who selected that tint for the ceiling of the first room—the parlor, library, and sitting-room—all in one? Who designed and executed that delicately outlined frieze which elevates the ceiling of the low room at least twelve inches? The well-chosen, well-framed, and well-hung engravings make the walls richer than in some other rooms oil-paintings of more than ordinary merit could do. Of little things—cards, brackets, and decorative devices—with which too many walls are over-crowded and broken up into unharmonized patches of form and color—there are not too many, and they come to you gradually, one after another, and you have no wish to take one of them away.

THE old fire-place. Look at it! Give thanks with devout heart that there is no gas in the house, and no porcelain wood-pile with flaring jets and tufts of radiant asbestos. Tiles—who painted them? who burned them? who set them? Do not ask too many questions. There are artists here—in the kitchen now, perhaps. There are in this world people who

play at art, whether it is painting tiles or preparing toast or tea. Hear the soft, muffled ticking of the old clock on the mantel. See the fire reflected in the shining andirons, and the andirons reflected in the clean tiles below. Here is taste for you. No, the artists that "fixed up" the ceilings of the house on the hill did not expend their genius on the house by the street. And this for two reasons. the house on the street did not have money enough, and the artists on the hill did not have taste enough. Let us thank our stars that these friends of ours could do it better themselves and for a mere pinch of dimes.

BUT the books—here are books—not by the yard and not by the color, but books that are the products of men and women of power, and that are read and re-read; books that were bought by the brains that needed them, or by hearts that knew what these particularly gifted brains wanted; books with all the leaves cut long ago, and scores of pages marked, and with marginal notes that give the pages new value; books that father owned and read before the fingers became cold and the eyes were closed forever; books—old books out of whose pages came energies of genius which these grown-up children inherited; books that open all worlds to the little house on the street—worlds of stars and stones and ocean, all arctic solitudes and continental activities; books through which poets sing, philosophers speculate and reason, and believers prophesy and admonish; books ancient and books modern. In this room, and indeed in every room in this house—kitchen not excepted—are books. The really good books, worth owning and worth reading twice, are not numerous, and a little house can hold them. Then books fit in so well with pictures and grace walls of almost any height; and they seem to throb and to reach out to you for your welcome when the fire-light strikes them, and the God of light glorifies them. All the books in the "place" on the hill that are worth any thing are here. They do not make half the show, but then they are here for use, and every body loves them, and makes a fuss over them, and all the men and women who wrote them, from Plato to Carlyle and Goethe and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and the great Robert himself, are dwellers in the little house on the street, and often sit by the fire and talk.

MUSIC is here—the literature of it and the biography, the philosophy and the masterpieces; and this old piano suggests more in one minute to people who have brains to know, and whose souls are full of melody, than whole symphonies and oratorios to people who have no taste. The little house by the street is clean through and through. The atmosphere is fresh, and reminds you of the breath of young flowers out-of-doors on a perfect June day. The house-keepers ventilate and sweep, and dust and ventilate again. The cellar is clean and the kitchen is clean and all the closets are clean. How they can cook—the mother and the daughters! They are compelled to do it. There is no other way. And so they do it. Sad will be the day and dark when one of those three girls goes out of that home, but blessed, thrice blessed the man into whose home that day she goes! There are stupid young fellows who, in quest for a wife, would make for the house on the hill, because of the coupons in bank. The sensible fellow, who cares for life and taste, for industry and economy, for neatness and happiness,

for wisdom and love, will not fatigue himself climbing the hill. He will say, with a knowing wink in his eyes, "It is not so far to the house by the street at the foot of the hill."

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for October 17, 1886. JESUS DELIVERED TO BE CRUCIFIED.—John 19. 1-16. GOLDEN TEXT.—John 19. 16.

PREFATORY. Great rulers often come into places where they would be glad to shirk responsibility. They are not guided by absolute and eternal righteousness, but by the whims or opinions of men. They temporize. They play tricks on human passions. Such men in emergencies make great failures. Watch Pilate.

INTERROGATORY. Describe the abuse to which Jesus was subjected by Pilate. How did Pilate again try to make the Jews relent? What tribute does he pay to Jesus in verse 4? What three words in verse 5 describe the ideal of human character? How did the Jews treat Pilate's effort in behalf of Jesus? What splendid answer did Jesus give Pilate in their next interview? What final argument subdued Pilate? What lessons do you gather from this incident?

HOMILY. Pilate was not a king of the truth, nor could he appreciate the kingdom which Jesus represented. With him it was a matter of policy, not principle. He had asked with scorn, "What is truth?" And so, in defiance of both justice and mercy, he committed Jesus to the mob that clamored for his blood. Justified by legal authority the spleen of the Jews was visited upon an innocent victim. He was scourged by the scourgers; a crown of thorns was placed on his brow. When in Palestine a few years ago in the early spring I found a thorn-bush, with its slender stem and sharp points, beautiful with golden blossoms, and wondered then whether the crown of thorns might not have been composed of this very plant provided with piercing thorns, while its yellow blossoms were an imitation in mockery of a crown of gold. The persecutors put on him a purple robe, and then, smiting him, cried, "Hail, King of the Jews." Thus arrayed he was taken by Pilate, who would, if possible, make a final appeal to the people. Can they be moved to sympathy? A persecuted Jew in the hands of a Roman soldiery ought to have excited among the Jews patriotic indignation. But no! In spite of the tribute paid to him by Pilate—"I find no fault in him"—they cried out vociferously, "Crucify him, crucify him!" Again Pilate spake to him. Jesus was silent. Again he spake, and Jesus gave simple reply, in which he virtually defied all human power and appealed to that original, divine, omnipotent help which he could at any moment command. Pilate's expostulation with the people was useless. They thirsted for blood. The cry, "Crucify him, crucify him," rent the air, and the timid, compromising pagan governor surrendered to a Jewish mob.

What contrasts appear between the unprincipled governor and the King of the Truth—King of kings! What a contrast between the riotous rage of the Jews and the unbroken serenity of the Man of Nazareth! Such contrast as one sees between the unsubstantial mists that leap as a bridge from mountain top to mountain top among the Alps and the granitic piles which remain unmoved by the wildest tempest. Such a contrast as one sees between the turbulent, roaring torrent and the serene heights, snow-white, sun-lit, that stand against the blue sky as immovable as the heavens themselves.

PRAYER. O King of men and King of kings, Thou Christ of Galilee, we bow before Thee to crown Thee as our Lord. We yield obedience to Thy law and give our power to Thy royal service. Amen.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

REV. REUVEN THOMAS said a good many excellent things about ladies and gentlemen in a lecture which was reported in the "Watchman." Some of the choicest fragments follow:

The word "lady" was anciently written leafdian, contracted first into lafy and then into lady. It meant bread-server. Originally the rule among the Saxons was that the gentleman or lord supplied the food, and the lady saw that it was properly cooked, properly carved, and properly served. The word lady properly belongs to those who are at the head of a household. But it has a much wider application. The word gentleman largely explains itself. It means a man not rough and boorish in manners; a man who has command over himself; a man who has too much self-respect to allow him to get into a hurricane of a passion; a man without violence or bluster or any thing of that kind. The man of old who bore the name was a man of spotless honor—true as to his speech and chaste as to his life.

In modern times the word "lady" has been quite perverted from its original meaning. Formerly it meant a woman who does something; now it means a woman who does nothing. How perfectly absurd to suppose that any thing put on in the way of dress can ever make a lady!

If feelings, speech, and conduct are not superior, externalities cannot atone for that lack. When people do not respect themselves, they always overdress themselves. Women may have expensive clothes, carriages, and lap-dogs, and not be ladies. Some of the humblest cottages of the land have in them true-born ladies, with feelings refined and hearts true—the queens of the fireside. As to gentlemen, the first and most necessary thing to say is, that a gentleman never does any thing mean. He will always keep to his engagements, unless he perceives that more happiness will follow from breaking a certain kind of engagement than from keeping it. In all things the gentleman will act honorably.

We sometimes use the word "aristocracy;" let us use it in the true application of the word. You will find God's aristocracy among shoemakers, tailors, masons, weavers, laborers of all kinds. You really do not know who are the true aristocrats yet. But there never yet lived a gentleman who was not lord of a great heart. A great heart may beat under the hodden gray of the peasant as well as under the laced coat of the noble. We ought not to allow ourselves to adopt artificial distinctions arising out of externals. Look within for the imperishable wealth.

USING THE SPARE MINUTES.

A BOY was employed in a lawyer's office, and he had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking something not so amusing but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the "Eclogues" of Virgil, but could not read it, so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of 'Virgil,' my lady."

"What! do you read Latin?"

"A little, my lady."

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him.

In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found on the road. Having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister Goldsmith's "History of Greece." The good man became greatly interested in him, and loaned him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log, conversing with him about the people of ancient times. Boys, it will pay to use your leisure hours.—*North-western Advocate.*

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

THE interesting poem entitled "The Old School-books," which was reprinted in OUR YOUTH, number 42, originally appeared in "Harper's Young People," and should have been credited to that paper instead of to the "Christian Union."

SEVERAL correspondents are eager to have Our Youth Debating Club called to order for the winter session. In a few weeks a question will be proposed, and the discussion will be thrown open to the house. We hope our readers will take as much interest in this department as they did during its first session.

AN old friend of OUR YOUTH recently dropped into the editorial rooms, his features browned with the many suns of a long voyage. It was the author of "Rex Ransom's Cruise" just returned from "Far Cathay." Our readers are to profit still further from his gleanings in the coasts of Asia, and in his new contributions he is to give the girls a near view of some of their strange and distant sisters.

A TRAVELER returning from the Yellowstone National Park, denies the newspaper story that the Excelsior, the great extinct geyser of that region, burst into active eruption at the time of the earthquake shock at Charleston. He says that the Excelsior still slumbers as peacefully as when it first dozed off four years ago. The story was a hoax which nearly every paper in America published for the truth.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

We shall be glad at any time to hear from officers or members of any Oxford League in reference to subjects of special interest to the Leaguers. If you have a good, lively meeting, write and tell us all about it—only be sure and tell us what made it interesting, so that some others may learn from you. If you find it difficult to keep up the interest, write about that, and give us the reasons for the dullness if you know what they are.

Again, there may be questions connected with matters which come before your League for consideration, and which you wish answered. If so, send them along. We do not promise to answer them all; indeed there may be some we cannot answer. But we shall be glad to consider them. Some of them we may put into our "Question Drawer" and give to our readers, giving them the opportunity to answer. It would be a good thing thus to get the Leagues in different parts of our country in correspondence with one another. Perhaps what one does not know another may.

So let us all try and make things lively in our Oxford Leagues.

WESLEY—APOSTLESHIP.*

It has sometimes been asked whether he is entitled to rank in the highest class of illustrious men? The question is vague and hardly admits of an unqualified answer. Of the two highest classes of great men—the speculative, or philosophical thinkers, on the one hand; and the practical, comprising great legislators, captains, and inventors, on the other—it may be doubted which is entitled to the supremacy. The former, if we do not include in it the poetic, the artistic genius, has afforded comparatively little advantage to mankind, beyond an exhibition of the greatness of the human faculties. Speculative inquiry has seldom given to the world an important demonstrated truth. It is doubtful that it has yet afforded a single unquestionable result in the highest field of its research—that exalted sphere of abstract truth which is usually called speculative philosophy; and its investigations of the constitution of the human mind are yet far from settling, with scientific certainty, any theory of psychology.

On the other hand, a single remarkable practical life, sometimes a single act of such a life, has advanced appreciably the whole civilized world. A mighty captain has broken the chains of a nation. A sagacious legislator has set free the energies of millions of men for progress in all useful enterprises. A single philanthropist has initiated improvements in the administration of justice that have alleviated the anguish of tens of thousands, have reformed the prison discipline and penal jurisprudence of his country, and promise yet to turn prisons into schools, and to render the gallows a barbarity, abhorrent as well to the justice as to the mercy of mankind. A diffident, poor, and drudging artisan, by the invention of the steam-engine, has given to his own country an aggregate of steam-power equal to the labor of more than four hundred millions of men; more than equal to twice the number of males capable of labor on our planet—an invention which has already, in its combined power throughout the globe, a capacity for work equal to the male capacity for manual toil of five or six planets like ours. Such a man may be said to create new worlds on the surface of our own.

Even the most illustrious mind which has influenced modern scientific inquiry, while teaching the world how to think, never discovered a new scientific fact. Bacon gave not a single original invention to the practical arts; though his mighty intellect, expounding and systematizing a thought that was scientifically as old as Aristotle, and practically as old as human reason, has directed all subsequent practical studies.

The classification of extraordinary men must inevitably be difficult and ambiguous; but the genius which most influences the sentiments, if not the intellect of men, the genius of illustrious painters, sculptors, architects, and poets, may perhaps be more relevantly included in the class of great practical, than in that of great speculative, minds. The speculations of Plato, Descartes, Leibnitz, and Kant, considered apart from the beneficial example of superior intellectual power that they present, have added little or nothing to the advancement of the race; and the few examples of practical utility that can be cited from the history of philosophic thinkers might be claimed as exceptional to their useful classification. Even the mathematicians rank doubtfully, at least, between the two classes; the discoveries of Newton appertain to the physical world; and the greatest of his successors has legitimately placed the proudest monument of astronomical knowledge in the class of scientific mechanics. But amid the ambiguities besetting this question—a question more curious, perhaps, than important—there can be no hesitancy in placing John Wesley in the first rank of those historical men whose prominence in the legislature, the cabinet, the field, philanthropy, or in any sphere of active life, is attributable to their practical sagacity, energy, and success. In these three respects what man in history transcends him? If it can be affirmed that he was far from being an original, a profound thinker; that, as some of his critics have pronounced, his mind was more "logical," or "intuitional,"† than philosophic, yet who can deny him the tribute of the historian of his country, that he conducted "a most remarkable moral revolution; was a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature; whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, and who, whatever his errors may have been, devoted all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered the highest good of his species." Such was Macaulay's opinion; Buckle pronounces him "the first of theological statesmen."

The somewhat vague affirmation that his mind was more intuitional than philosophical, if it has any meaning at all, must signify that his sagacity was so rapid and accurate that the processes of reasoning and judgment, usual in other men, were not absent, but scarcely perceptible in his clear and prompt intellect. The results, or the practical facts with which Wesley had to deal, like all the practical affairs of men, must always be contingent, and there can be no intuition of contingent results. Their right anticipation must be the effect of calculations and combinations of the intellect.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

MECHANICAL DRAWING.

Problem VI. To draw a five-point star.

Boys and girls are always in need of stars. Now the base-ball club must have stars for their uniforms, and again the sewing society needs gilt stars for decorating purposes.



What wretched, wrong-angled, dissipated stars the unskillful can turn out! In a nation which takes such pride in stars we surely ought to know how to make them a little better than we do. The best form of the star is the five-pointed type. We shall give a few simple directions by which any one can draw one:

First draw a circle which shall be just the size of the desired star. We need hardly say that the circle is drawn by putting the pin or compass leg at any point and then swinging the pencil point about it. The next step is to divide the

circumference of the circle into five equal parts. It is impossible to give any exact rule for this, but a little practice will enable one to measure off five equal parts. In general the method is this: Mark some point, as *e*, on the circumference as a starting-point, and then with the compasses stretched a little farther apart than when they were used from drawing the circle, measure off five distances from *e* to *d*, from *d* to *c*, and so on. The first time it may not come out even at the end. If the last line comes beyond the starting-point, then bring the compass points a little closer together and try again. If the point falls short the first trial extend the compasses a little and repeat the experiment until you have five points equally distant from each other on the circumference of the circle.

The figure shows how the points are connected. Draw lines from any point, as *b*, to the two opposite points, *e* and *d*. Then from each of these points draw lines to their respectively opposite points *c* and *a*. Connect the last two points, erase the circle, and the five-point star is complete.

It is, of course, unnecessary to do all this for each star when you are cutting them from paper. Carefully prepare a model on paste-board, then cut it out and use it as a pattern for the rest.

If you want to paint a star on a boat or an oar, the best plan is to make a stencil. Take a piece of oiled paper and draw upon it a star of the exact size you wish to use. Then lay the paper on a smooth board and with a sharp knife cut out the star, leaving a hole the exact form of the star in the paper.

To use the stencil, lay it smoothly upon the spot where you want the star, and then with a brush of paint cover neatly the surface exposed by the star hole in the paper. Upon removing the stencil you will find, if you have done your work carefully, a star exact in form and with clearly defined points.

A great many tasteful designs may be made on oiled paper and used as stencils in this same way.

A HEXAGON.

We have described the method of drawing an octagon or eight-sided figure, and the way of making a hexagon or six-sided figure is so easy and satisfactory that we cannot refrain from giving it briefly.

First draw a circle. Then divide the circumference, just as in the case in the star, into equal parts, the only difference being that the number of parts should be six instead of five. It is a fact that the radius of a circle—that is, the distance from center to circumference—will fit into the circumference exactly six times. Therefore, with the distance from center to circumference as a measure, lay off six equal parts, and connect the points of division by straight lines. The resulting figure will be a hexagon.

HERE are some interesting railroad statistics which we take from the "Baltimore American." Perhaps the most wonderful thing in our not uneventful national history is the marvelous way in which our railroads have developed:

What startling results one finds in our railway statistics! We have 340,000 miles of track—enough to girdle the earth a dozen times, with several thousand miles left for side-tracks. More than half of these lines were laid down at a cost

* From Dr. Abel Stevens's "Character Sketches."

† The first is Coleridge's, the second, Isaac Taylor's, opinion.

of \$6,000,000,000—enough to pay the public debt four times over. There are 50,000 engines, 50,000 passenger coaches, and 1,000,000 freight cars, and over 4,000 patents have been taken out for inventions in railway machinery and appliances. Every year 300,000,000 tons of freight are carried. For moving this freight the companies receive an average of 1.29 cents per ton per mile, and for each passenger carried they get 2.51 cents per mile. It requires 500,000 employees to run all these roads. And yet it was only fifty-six years ago the 28th of this month that Peter Cooper ran the first steam-car from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills at the unparalleled speed of a mile in every four and a third minutes.

RECREATION.

[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL RULES.

THE FIELD.

Touch In Goal.	In Touch.				Touch In Goal.
	Touch or Bounds.	330 feet.	Touch or Bounds.		
In Goal.	Goal Line.	25-yard-line Limit of Kick-out.	Goal Line.	In Goal.	Touch In Goal.
	18½ feet Goal.				
Touch In Goal.	Touch or Bounds.	330 feet.	Touch or Bounds.	Touch In Goal.	Touch In Goal.

SECTION I.

RULES USED AS DEFINITIONS.

RULE 1. A *drop-kick* is made by letting the ball fall from the hands and kicking it at the very instant it rises; a *place-kick*, by kicking it after it has been placed on the ground; a *punt*, by letting it fall from the hands and kicking it before it touches the ground.

RULE 2. *Kick-off* is a place-kick from the center of the field of play, and cannot score a goal.

RULE 3. *Kick-out* is a drop-kick by a player of the side which has touched the ball down in their own goal, or into whose touch-in-goal the ball has gone, and cannot score a goal.

RULE 4. When the ball is carried across the goal line it shall be a touch-down at the place where it is held or down, and when it is carried into touch-in-goal it shall be a touch-down, and the try shall be from a punt-out at the intersection of the two lines. In opponents' goal this entitles to a try at goal; in player's own goal to a kick-out; and if any player guarding his own goal receives the ball from a player of his own side, either by a pass-kick or snap-back, and then touches it down behind his goal line, or if he himself carries the ball across his own goal line and touches it down, or if he puts the ball into his own touch-in-goal, he makes a safety, which shall score against his side.

RULE 5. A side having touched the ball down in their opponents' goal shall try at goal either by a *place-kick* or a *punt-out*.

RULE 6. If the try be by a place-kick a player of the side which has touched the ball down shall bring it up to the goal line, and making a mark opposite the spot where it was touched down, bring it out at right angles to the goal line such distance as he thinks proper, and there place it for another of his side to kick. The opponents must remain behind their goal line until the ball has been placed on the ground.

RULE 7. If the try be by a *punt-out*, the punter shall bring the ball up the goal line, and making a mark opposite the spot where it was touched down, punt out from any spot behind line of goal and not nearer the goal post than such mark, to another of his side, who must all stand outside goal line not less than fifteen feet. The opponents may line up anywhere on the goal line except space of ten feet, extending from punter's mark toward touch, but cannot interfere with punter, nor can he touch the ball after kicking it until it touch some other player. If a fair catch be made from a *punt-out*, or *on*, the mark shall serve to determine positions as the mark on goal line.

RULE 8. A *punt-on* is made, like a punt-out, by a player who has made a fair catch from *punt-out*, or *on*.

RULE 9. A goal may be obtained by kicking the ball, in any way except a punt, from the field of play (without touching the ground, or dress, or person of any player, after the kick) over the cross-bar of opponents' goal.

RULE 10. A *fair catch* is a catch made direct from a kick, throw forward, or bat by one of the opponents; or from a *punt-out* or *on* by one of the same side, provided the catcher make a mark with his heel at the spot where he has made the catch, and no other of his side touch the ball.

RULE 11. The ball is dead:

I. When the holder has cried down (see 13), or when the referee has cried down.

II. When a goal has been obtained (see 23).

III. When it has gone in to touch (see 30), or touch in goal, except for punt-out (see 3).

IV. When a touch-down has been made (see 4 and 5).

V. When a fair catch has been heeled (see 33). No play can be made while the ball is dead, except to put in play by rule.

RULE 12. A *scrimmage* takes place when the holder of the ball puts it down on the ground, and puts it in play by kicking it or snapping it back.

RULE 13. A ball goes into *touch* when it crosses the touch line, or when the holder puts part of either foot across the touch line. Putting it in play is called a "*fair*." The touch line is in touch, and the goal line in goal.

RULE 14. A player is put *off side*, if, during a scrimmage, he gets in front of the ball, or if the ball has been last touched by his own side behind him. It is impossible for a player to be off side in his own goal. No player, when off side, shall touch the ball, or interrupt, or obstruct opponent until again on side.

RULE 15. A player being off side is put on side when the ball has touched an opponent, or when one of his own side has run in front of him, either with the ball, or having touched it when behind him.

[The remainder of the rules will be given next week.]

OUR GIRLS.

[Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—X.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

At the next meeting of the K. D. S. it was Katrina's turn to exhibit her handiwork.

"Last week's bags were so pretty," said Katrina, "that I am almost sorry that I haven't one this time; but I hope my substitute will meet your favor."

The chorus of delight that greeted the substitute was so encouraging that Katrina went on.

"It is a chair-scarf for Aunt Mattie. You know they go into their new house after Christmas, so our gifts this year are all to have reference to the new mansion. One little reception room is to be furnished in bronze-brown, and I had that in mind when I made my scarf."

"I took two yards of white surah silk, and at each end, using water-colors, I painted some brownish-golden daisies, dropping them on as you see in careless fashion, with long stems and no leaves. Then, taking some of the gold thread that you can get in any fancy-work store, I couched it on around the edges of the petals, using for the purpose yellow silk of exactly the same color."

"At night the effect is lovely. Then I fringed the ends, and tied the scarf in the middle with this shade of amber ribbon that just harmonizes with the color of the flowers. When the whole is draped gracefully over the corner and back of that bronze-brown chair, the effect, methinks, will be quite pleasing."

"Would that all of us could wield the brush like you," sighed Kate, gazing despairingly on the lovely daisies. "Katherine, do revive our spirits by telling us of something that is within the range of our feeble accomplishments."

"How fortunate it is that I came prepared for just such an emergency," said Katherine. "Here is something most fitting for the occasion—a court-plaster case."

"Practical as usual," commented Kate.

"You take a quarter of a yard of ribbon, about two and a half inches wide, fringe at both ends, and double in the middle, making two little holes where the ribbon is folded. On one side of the ribbon paint or outline some appropriate suggestion, such as 'Always ready,' or 'A friend in need.'"

"Kate could add other adornment with her brush if she liked. Get a small sheet of court-plaster, and in one end cut holes corresponding to those in the ribbon. Putting the court-plaster between the ribbon-leaves, pass narrow ribbon through the holes, and tie, leaving loops by which the case can be hung in some place convenient for the family's use."

"That is a very good idea," said Kitty, "and just what I want for the 'Brotherhood,' because their fingers are always coming to grief. I shall make five cases at my earliest opportunity."

WASHING LACE.

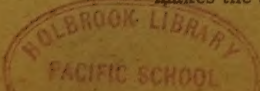
MAKE a lather of good white soap; have it just lukewarm; lay the lace in over night. In the morning squeeze out and put in fresh water, a little soapy. Rinse and blue slightly, pin on a cloth and hang out. When dry dip it in sweet milk, squeeze out and lay on the cloth, pick out and pull in shape, lay cloth and all between the leaves of a large book, like a geography, and put a weight on it until dry.—*Home Weekly*.

CLEANING GOLD JEWELRY.

ANY gold jewelry that an immersion in water will not injure can be beautifully cleaned by shaking it well in a bottle nearly half full of warm soapsuds, to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and afterward rinsing in clear, cold water, and wiping it dry.—*Laws of Life*.

CARE OF UMBRELLAS.

UMBRELLAS will last far longer if when wet they are placed handle downward to dry. When not in use, leave the umbrella loose; when wet, never leave it open to dry, as the tense condition thus produced makes the silk stiff, and then it will soon crack.—*Laws of Life*.



THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Philippine Islands.

(Area, 114,326 sq. miles; population, 5,561,232; ruler, Spanish governor-general, J. Jovelar y Soler.)



THE Philippines are an important group of islands lying south-east of China and forming the eastern boundary of the South China Sea. The cluster includes twelve hundred members, the largest of which, Luzon and Mindanao, are larger than Ireland, the smallest being mere uninhabited points of rock. Nearly all of this extensive territory is under Spanish control, and constitutes, with Cuba and Porto Rico in the West Indies, the remnant of the colonial greatness which was once the chief glory of Spain. Magellan, the first navigator whose vessel sailed around the globe, discovered these islands in 1521, and in the same year lost his life here in one of the native wars. After a few years Spain sent an expedition which took possession of the group and named it from King Philip II., of Spain, the husband of the English Queen Mary. For a long time the seat of government was at Zebu, but Manila, which was built in 1581, gradually gathered to itself the trade of the whole region and is now a city of 130,000 inhabitants.

The Philippines occupy a similar position with regard to Asia that the West Indies hold to North America. Their climate also resembles that of the West Indies. From June to November is a season of rain, which is followed by months of warm, fair weather, in which crops mature with unusual rapidity. The soil is fertile and well watered, and yields abundantly of both natural and cultivated products. Gold, coal, iron, copper, and marble are found in the earth. The forests furnish ebony, cedar, and iron-wood; the fruits include cocoa-nuts, oranges, bread-fruit, citron, guavas, and tamarinds, other important products being bananas, pine-apples, sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco, indigo, coffee, spices, rice, and wheat. Unrefined sugar, hemp, tobacco, and dye-stuffs are the principal articles of export, and manufactured goods from Great Britain are the chief imports. The Spanish trade regulations are strict, and result in the exclusion of much commerce. British and American firms control most of the business.

The inhabitants are mostly of the brown or Malay race, though a remnant of the aboriginal black tribes still exists. The Malays are mostly Roman Catholics, or Mohammedans, and take great delight in the festivals and gorgeous

services of the former Church. They are a gentle people, lacking in energy and business talent. Many Chinese come to the islands for a time, leaving their families behind them and working eagerly to save up money enough to support them after returning to China.

The Elections.

By a law passed in 1875 elections of Representatives in Congress are required to be held on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November every second year, in 1876 and following alternate years. Subsequent special acts enable States whose constitution fix a different date to elect earlier until the constitutions shall be amended. The present year is, therefore, a "Congressional" year, and in most States there will be additional elections on the second day of November for State officers. In seven States the local elections for the year have already occurred. Alabama, Arkansas, Maine, Oregon, Rhode Island, and Vermont have chosen State officers, and Maine has also chosen her Congressmen. Georgia voted for State officers on the first Wednesday in October.

Governors are to be elected November 2 in the following States: For four years in California, Delaware, Nevada, and Pennsylvania; for three years in Minnesota and New Jersey; for two years in Colorado, Connecticut, Kansas, Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Wisconsin; for one year in Massachusetts. There are no State elections this year in Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, and Virginia. Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, North Carolina, New York, and West Virginia choose only members of the Legislature, and in some cases minor State officers. Only a few minor offices are to be filled in Ohio and Iowa.

The elections which have thus far taken place do not present any especial cause for comment. In the seven States which have already voted the two old parties have apparently held their own, neither the gains nor the losses being large enough to have much national significance. The "third party," or "Prohibitionists," whose aim is the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors, is creating whatever excitement the campaign has shown. This party has made nominations in nearly all of the States, and in some localities the high character of its nominees is such that voters are likely to be drawn to their support. The activity of the Prohibitionists has placed the question of temperance in a prominent position at the coming elections, and the candidates and resolutions of the old parties feel bound to refer to this subject.

The leaders of the Prohibitionists expect to win eventually by breaking up the Republican and Democratic organizations and drawing to themselves the large numbers in each who are in favor of the temperance reform. This is the programme as laid down in their organs and platforms, and it is this which has moved a considerable number of voters to draw together under the name of Anti-saloon Republicans. These men seek to effect the suppression of the liquor traffic through the agency of the party with which they are connected, and without aiding to build up the new Prohibition Party on the ruins of its predecessors. The Anti-saloonists have held conferences in several States, and a national conference at Chicago, where they expressed their principles and aims in a set of resolutions. They, of course, do not put up separate candidates, but hope to influence the nominations and policy of the Republicans.

The influence of the laboring men is seen in many of the nominations which have been made. Although the published creed of the Knights of Labor declares that the organization is not to be used for political purposes, it is nevertheless true that its power is being so employed. Candidates have been selected by the old parties because of their prominence and

influence in the local and district assemblies, and in New York city the laboring men have named a separate candidate for mayor, who is receiving large support.

The student of politics will do well to watch the action of these forces in the campaign, and examine the election returns for evidence of their practical results.

A Brief Survey.

"GENERAL" BOOTH, the founder and commanding officer of the English evangelistic organization known as the "Salvation Army," is visiting the United States.—Justin McCarthy, well known as a writer and as the vice-president of the Irish Nationalist party, has arrived in America on a lecturing tour.—October 28 has been selected for the inauguration of the Bartholdi Statue in New York Harbor.—John Esten Cooke, of Virginia, novelist and historian, died Sept. 26.—Slight earthquake shocks continue at Charleston, S. C. A prediction of Wiggins, the Canadian weather prophet, occasioned some uneasiness Sept. 29, but the day passed without incident.—Storms of wind and rain wrecked 200 houses in Brownsville, Tex., Sept. 21-24.

The queen's speech, proroguing the British Parliament until Nov. 11, was read to the two Houses Sept. 25. The next session will probably be delayed until February.—It is reported that Gen. Buller, whom the British government sent to maintain order in County Kerry, Ireland, has advised his superiors that the National League is responsible for nearly all the lawlessness which he was sent to crush. He recommends the suppression of that organization, and urges that the formation of similar societies be prohibited.—New gold fields have been discovered in the Transvaal Republic, South Africa, and in Tasmania.—The regency in Bulgaria have posted notices for the election of members of the National Assembly which is to assemble Oct. 24 to choose the successor of Prince Alexander, the deposed ruler. The Russian agent in Bulgaria, Gen. Kaulbars, has issued a circular stating that Russia will not allow the captors of Alexander to be punished. This tends to heighten the popular indignation against Russia. King Charles, of Roumania, is the latest candidate for the Bulgarian throne.—A university has recently been founded at Tomsk, in Siberia.—The condition of King Otto, of Bavaria, who was insane at the time of his brother's suicide, is reported to grow worse rapidly.—Dispatches from Canada, North-west Territory, stated that the Blood Indians went on the war-path Sept. 27, killing 100 whites and engaging in battle with a band of Grosventres. This story was strictly untrue in all its details, and arose from the killing of a few Bloods in Montana some time ago.

To Correspondents.

Question 1. Why have there not been 100 U. S. Congresses?

Answer. The government of the U. S. is not yet 100 years old, the present constitution dating from 1787; and a Congress is elected once in two years, making the one to be chosen this fall the 50th.

Q. 2. Give specimen idiomatic English sentences.

A. "He condemned it in public, and turned a considerable sum by taking advantage of it in private."—Macaulay.

"It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England."—Macaulay.

"I asked him his name."

Q. 3. Distinguish "subject" from "topic."

A. In general a subject is that about which something is said, written, or thought. A topic is a narrower term applied to a subdivision of the subject.

Q. 4. What is the pressure upon the respective sides of a reservoir of water, the reservoir being 12 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, and 10 ft. deep?

A. The pressure of a liquid upon the side of a containing vessel is equal to the weight of a column of the liquid whose base is the side, and whose height is the perpendicular distance from the surface of the liquid to the center of gravity of the side. Assuming in this case that the sides are rectangular, the pressures are as follows: 10x12x5=600—the number of cubic feet in the column of water; 600x62.5 (the number of lbs. in one cubic ft. of water)=37,500—number lbs. pressure on one side. 10x6x5x62.5=18,750—number lbs. pressure on one end.

Q. 5. What is the principal focus of a convex lens?

A. The principal focus of a convex lens is practically at the center of curvature. That is, if we suppose the surface of the lens to be extended, the curvature remaining the same, a sphere will be formed at the center of which will be the principal focus of the parallel rays which pass through the lens.

Philippine—Phil'p-pīn.
Porto Rico—Por'to Ree'co.
Magellan—Ma-jel'lan.
Lu-zōn'.

Ma-nil'la.
Ma-lay'.
Min-dā-nā'ō.

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—Milton.

—"Ya-as," said an Indiana citizen whose home lies in the fertile and ague-shaken valley of the Wabash, "I happened ter be in Charleston when the first yearthquake cum."

"What did you do when you felt the trembling?"

"I tuk thirty grains o' quinine."—N. Y. Sun.

—There is a story of a man who visited his son at Heidelberg University and took a drive through town. Passing a large building, the father asked what that was. The son did not know, and appealed to the cabman. "That," was the reply, "is the university."—The Independent.

—Old gent—"Here, waiter, how do these buttons and things come to be in this soup?"

Fresh waiter—"We make our soup from Chicago dressed beef, sir."—Lowell Citizen.

—Fond father—"Tommy is going to be a great man. He is always reading something. He will make a smart man some day."

Visitor (to boy)—"What are you reading now?"

Boy—"The base-ball guide."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Here is a little thing I just dashed off," said a buxom maiden, as she entered the sanctum. The editor was just about to state that he didn't use poetry, when the young lady produced a beautiful roll of golden butter. It was accepted with thanks. Burlington Free Press.

—The famous stallion Virgil has just died in Kentucky. All classical scholars who are familiar with Virgil will remember the "pony."—Chicago Tribune.

—"What's the matter with the train, conductor?" asked a passenger. "Do you expect to stop at every cross-road?"

"If you don't like the way this train is run," growled the conductor, "you can get off and walk."

"O, I'm in no hurry," said the passenger.—Harper's Bazar.

—An exchange, speaking of an accident, says: "One man was killed, and the other had his head severed from his body." We wonder they were not both killed.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

—Visitor (to dime museum freak)—"Are you the wild man of the woods?"

Freak—"No, sir; I am the man who never says I want to know."

Visitor (astonished)—"I want to know!"—Life.

—Stranger—"You say you have been shipwrecked four times?"

Sailor—"Ay, ay, me hearty."

Stranger—"And what are your sensations when the wild waves break over you and you feel yourself sinking under the water?"

Sailor—"Damp."—Chicago Tribune.

—A certain clergyman, noted for long sermons, reached eighteenthly once. Pausing for breath, he said: "And what shall I say more!" when a Methodist brother astonished him by earnestly responding "Amen."—Christian Guardian.

—A Glasgow draper, who was narrating his experiences during his first visit to England, said he stepped into an Episcopal church in the middle of the service, just to see what they did. "I hadna been well seated," he said, "when the minister, awa' at theither end, cried out, 'Lord, preserve us all!' and then a' the folks about me cried, 'Lord, preserve us all!' 'Preserve us!' says I; 'did ye never see a man frae Glesca afore?'"—Scottish American.

—You take a base-ball ground and a corn-field, side by side, and the corn-field is much the hotter, yet the same sun shines on both. Curious, isn't it?—Puck.

—"I hate that man!" exclaimed Mrs. Upperceca. "I'd like to make his life miserable!"

"Tell you what," said her husband, warmly, "I'll send the villain an invitation to your musicale. We'll torture him!"—Burdette.

—It was in the infant class of a Sunday-school. The teacher was trying to bring out the fact that David was a man of varied occupations. There had been smooth sailing until the question was asked,

"What do you call a man who plays on a harp?"

After a brief pause a youngster raises his hand and answers,

"An Italian."

The teachers and scholars had a good laugh, and a new topic was introduced.—Boston Traveller.

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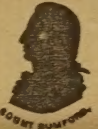
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